Harry to Harry, ſhall not horſe to horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe.
Oh, that Glendower were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He can drawe his power this fourteene daies.
Doug. That's the worſt tidings, that I heare of it.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a froſtie ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Fortie let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come let vs take a muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merily.
Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Falſ. Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of ſacke, our ſouldiours ſhall march through. We'le to Sutton cop-hill to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an angell.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, Ile anſwere the coynage, bid my Liuetenant Peto meete me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*

Fal. If I be aſhamed of my ſouldiers, I am a ſowſt gurnet, I haue miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. ſouldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none, but good houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted batchelers, ſuch as had beene askt twice on the banes, ſuch a commodity of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Diuell as a drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I preſt me none, but ſuch toſts and butter, with heartes in their bellies no bigger then pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices, and

now